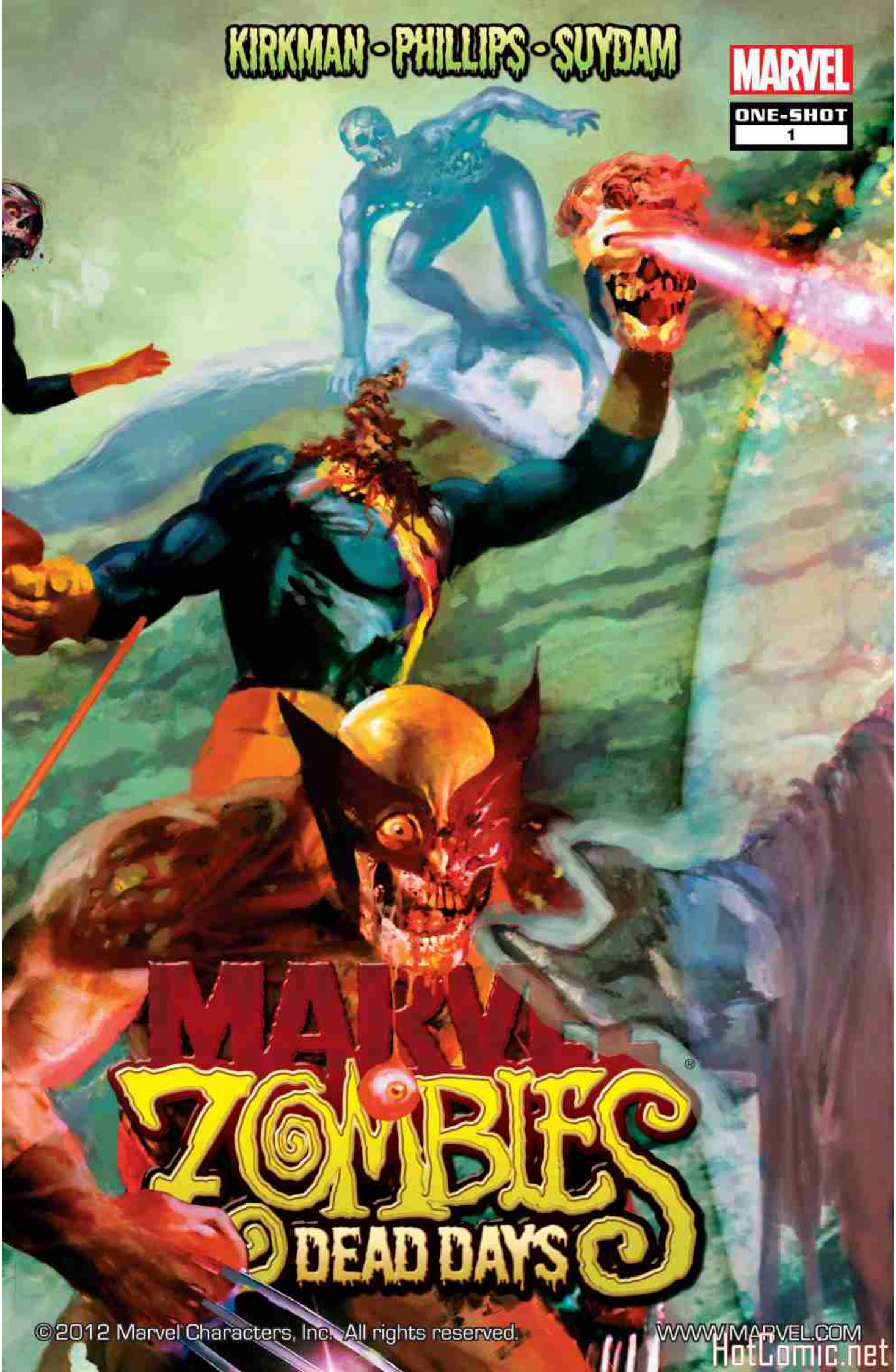

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IT STARTED WITH A FLASH IN THE SKY, AND A RIPPLE THROUGH THE CLOUDS. THE HUNGER IS WHAT BROUGHT IT HERE--AND FEED IT DID, UNTIL THE MARVEL HEROES WERE NO MORE.

THEY WERE REPLACED BY SOULLESS MONSTERS, DRIVEN ONLY BY AN INSATIABLE HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH.

OR RATHER... THEY ***WILL BE.***

THIS IS NO WORLD OF MARVEL HEROES.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF:

# MARVEL ZOMBIES: DEAD DAYS

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Sean 2007

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THAP
Everyone--okay?
Peter!
Oh my God--you're okay! Are you okay?
I--not really, actually. Colonel America bit me. I'm starting to feel kind of sick.
I'll get the peroxide.
So what they're saying on the news--it's true?! The Avengers have started attacking people--eating them?
Yeah--they--I tried to reason with them--see why they were acting like they were. They attacked me.
I barely got out of there, MJ--it's bad out there. I hate to even think this--but I think we should get out of here.
Then let's go, Peter.
I'm scared, I--I've never seen anything like this.

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HIGH IN EARTH'S ORBIT. ASTEROID M.
Dear God.
What have I done?
We had no way of knowing it would be this bad. You are not to blame for this, my lord.
We sought only to thin out the homo sapiens--to give mutants a fighting chance.
Don't make excuses! Don't you see what's happening here? The thing we made a deal with--the thing we brought here--the virus affects mutants and humans alike.
We've doomed the entire planet!
No--now is not the time for anger. I must take action. If I can save but a few--we could survive.
Yes--it's the only way.
Where are you going?
To Earth. Keep watch on the monitors--this space station could be the last refuge of humanity.
Protect it at all costs.
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Yo--Parker! You here? I'm sorry to barge in like this, but there's some crazy stuff going on--wanted to make sure you and the family were okay.
Hello?

You don't understand--there's not *enough* for you--there's not *enough*. I can't *share*. I have to keep it *all* for myself.
The hunger--*I had to do this*--I've got to stop the *hunger* so I need it *all*.

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KRA-THOOM!
DON'T LOOK AT ME!
What did this?! What happened to you?!
Why?!
SHUT UP AND DIE!
KRAK!!
This isn't the friend you knew! He's not the same man anymore!
Help me kill him!
K-kill him?
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I can't-- I can't!
You have t--AARRGGH!!
Oh, God!
Oh, God!
ELSEWHERE.
STOP!!
Just stop for a second-- look at us--look what we're doing! The pain--the hunger--it's gone for now!
We don't need to do this. We--we could be cured. We need to find a way to make this feeling last--to fend off the madness!
We're Avengers! We need to fight this. We've got to...
...stop... before too much damage is done.
I fear we may be too late.
We need to get back to Avengers Mansion-- rethink this-- regroup.

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WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.
THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
They got the Professor!! They ate him--they ripped him to pieces!!
Storm--please--focus on the fight--I can't deal with that right now!
Whatever we throw at them--it's just not working! They just keep coming!
Don't let up--we can't let them get to the students inside--somehow--we've got to hold them off!

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SKRGG!
SKLUGG!
SKPLKK!
GOOM!
Now is not the time for *mercy,* X-Men.
Kill or *be killed* is the new rule--and it is the only rule that matters. If this is something you cannot do--kill yourself now and save us the trouble.
Magneto, who the hell do you think you are to come in here and talk to us like this?
I've saved your life--and I'd like your help saving as many others as we can.
But I will not let your naivetē bring about my death.
You mean there're more of these--*creatures?* More of these heroes--turned into monsters?
Sadly, yes.
Then just point me in the right direction.

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NEW YORK CITY.
Follow me--my lab is *this* way.
I think we lost the others.
Did you see Colonel America? The hunger took him over almost *immediately.* He--*devoured* that woman.
I--I saw it and I *still* don't believe it.
These are strange times indeed--I only hope this strange infection has yet to reach Wakanda.
Though I am confident--given the appropriate time, the Wakandan scientists in my employ can cure this disease--I do not wish this fate on my homeland.
We just need to get back to my lab--I can work on a cure there.
We can--
Henry Pym, you--you've been *bitten,* haven't you?
No--that's not what--
T'Challa, my friend--why did you have to go and *notice* something like that?
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KRAAM!
I'm sorry, old friend--but I've seen what this infection has in store for me--and I'm *not* going to be caught without a meal when this is all over.
I don't expect you to understand.
At the rate these things are going--the food supply will be exhausted within a matter of *days*.
The rate at which the infection is spreading is nothing short of astonishing.
I wish I could turn back the clock--prevent myself from getting infected--but that's just inevitable *now*.
In a few minutes... I'll be a mindless animal--foraging for my next meal--
--one of *them*.
And you'll be little more than a *midnight snack*.
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Franklin--Valeria! We thought they were *safe* here--we didn't think anyone could get to them--but--but she--
--she knew the codes--she got in easily.
Do it, *Sue*--
--do it *now!*

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I SAY THEE NAY!!
SCREEEEEE!
NGG!!
ACK!!
Hang on, Thor--I'm here to help!
Look around you, Thunder god! The odds are against you. You're only delaying the inevitable.
You'll be one of us sooner or later!
I say thee
KROOM!

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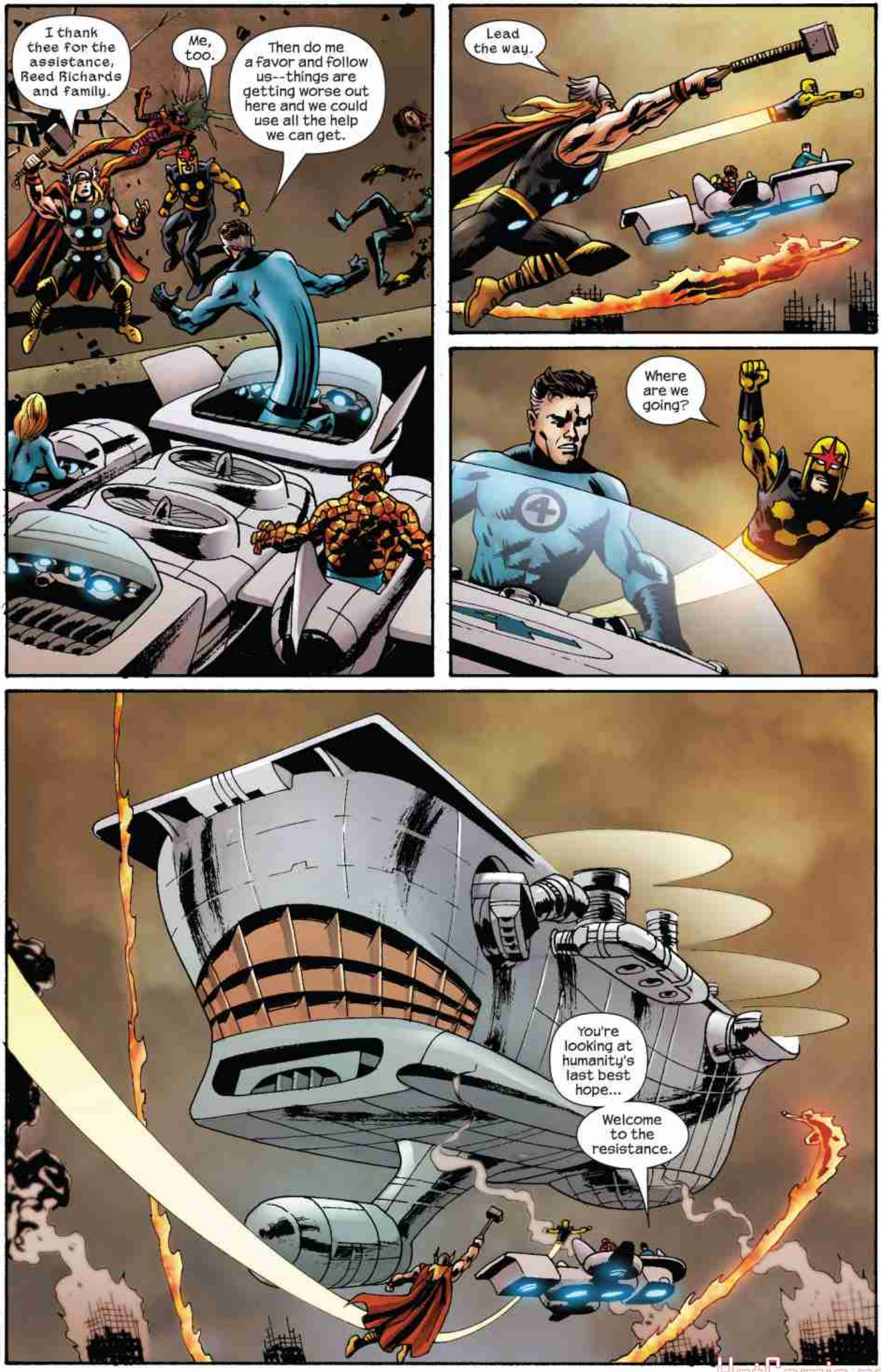
I thank thee for the assistance, Reed Richards and family.
Me, too.
Then do me a favor and follow us--things are getting worse out here and we could use all the help we can get.
Lead the way.
Where are we going?
You're looking at humanity's last best hope...
Welcome to the resistance.
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The epicenter--the start of this...*plague,* or whatever you would call it--was in the center of Manhattan. That's the first known instance.
We don't know *how*--but something from another world broke through--came to *our* world. The Avengers, as is often the case, were the first on the scene.
The first to be *infected.*
Colonel America, Hawkeye, Black Widow, Luke Cage, Ms. Marvel... they were the start of this.
In a matter of hours it has spread to all corners of the globe. As far as we can tell, only meta-humans are affected--but that may just be because us normal humans are being completely eaten and can't fight off these monsters.
As it is now, it's already *too late* to be contained. But it may not be too late to stop it--maybe even reverse it.
You are this planet's last hope... if you do not succeed--we all *die.*
That is why I've gathered you all here.
Who let *him* in here?
Magneto's with *us,* bub. You got a *problem* with that?
Right now--if they're *not* trying to *eat you,* they are an *ally.*
Magneto is an asset we can't ignore under the current situation.
*So what is the plan?*
The *plan,* Iron Man, is for you to work with Reed Richards and Bruce Banner to develop *a cure.*
While you do that, the rest of us will divide into rescue squads, saving who we can and bringing them *here,* until we save the world.
Everybody *clear?*

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THIS IS CRAZY!!
Do you guys even realize what we're up against?! If someone you know is not here--they're one of them! Don't you see what that means?
We're completely outnumbered! And the plan is to turn this helicarrier into a flying Noah's Ark?! How is that going to work?!
How many people fit on this thing?!
I'm sorry--I know we get together like this every few months to avert some global crisis or fight some enormous bad guy--I get it.
That's what we do.
But I think you guys are treating this like another Kree/Skrull invasion--or Thanos attacking! This is different!
Look how many we've already lost and we're just now forming a game plan?!
We're all dead! We're as good as dead!
It's not a perfect plan but it's all we've got.
The alternative is to give up. Anyone who prefers that option can speak up at any time.
That's what I thought.
Let's get to it, people!

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AVENGERS MANSION, MANHATTAN.
Hello?
Jarvis?
Good idea, Hank-- but we're *way* ahead of you on that one. Come on in...we saved you a *piece*.
Welcome home, *husband*. I knew once I had your sweet, succulent flesh in my teeth we'd be seeing you again *very* soon.
So that's *it* then? We just *accept* what we've become, and that's it?
You don't plan to *fight* this?
What do you have in mind?
I've *eaten* over a dozen people today...I don't expect there to be much in the way of redemption available for *any* of us.
You saying you don't *want* any of this Jarvis meat?
No-- I'm *not*-- move over.
Maybe you're right. I just don't like the idea of giving up.

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Oh, no--
-NO!
I'm going to enjoy this!
Back, demon! No harm will befall these people while I still stand!
Hurry, people--we don't have much time.
I do not require your assistance and you are not worthy of mine.
Latveria is immune to this dreaded infection. We will survive this end to the world.
Leave us be.

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BACK ABOARD THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER
REED'S LAB
Why are you in here *alone*? I thought you were working with Tony...and Bruce Banner.
They're working on *different* solutions. It was decided if we worked separately, maybe one of us would discover a viable solution and the other two could then assist.
Tony's idea--but I agree.
These creatures are *remarkable*, Sue. They're human...but they're *not*. The infection turns them into such an efficient life-form--it's just... *amazing*.
These creatures are *monsters* and deserve to be exterminated, Reed.
They're not a new life-form--not something to be *admired*. Remember what they did to our children.
Yes, of course. I realize that, Sue. But I can't ignore what almost seem like *improvements* on our design.
*Improvements?!*
*Yes*, as strange as that sounds--in that we are organisms designed to process organic matter and transform it into fuel for our bodies--yes, they are more advanced.
They use far less energy. Most bodily functions are shut down--not necessary any longer--yet they still retain mobility and all of their intellect.
Yet little more than their brain is actually functioning. It's really quite fascinating.
Sue?
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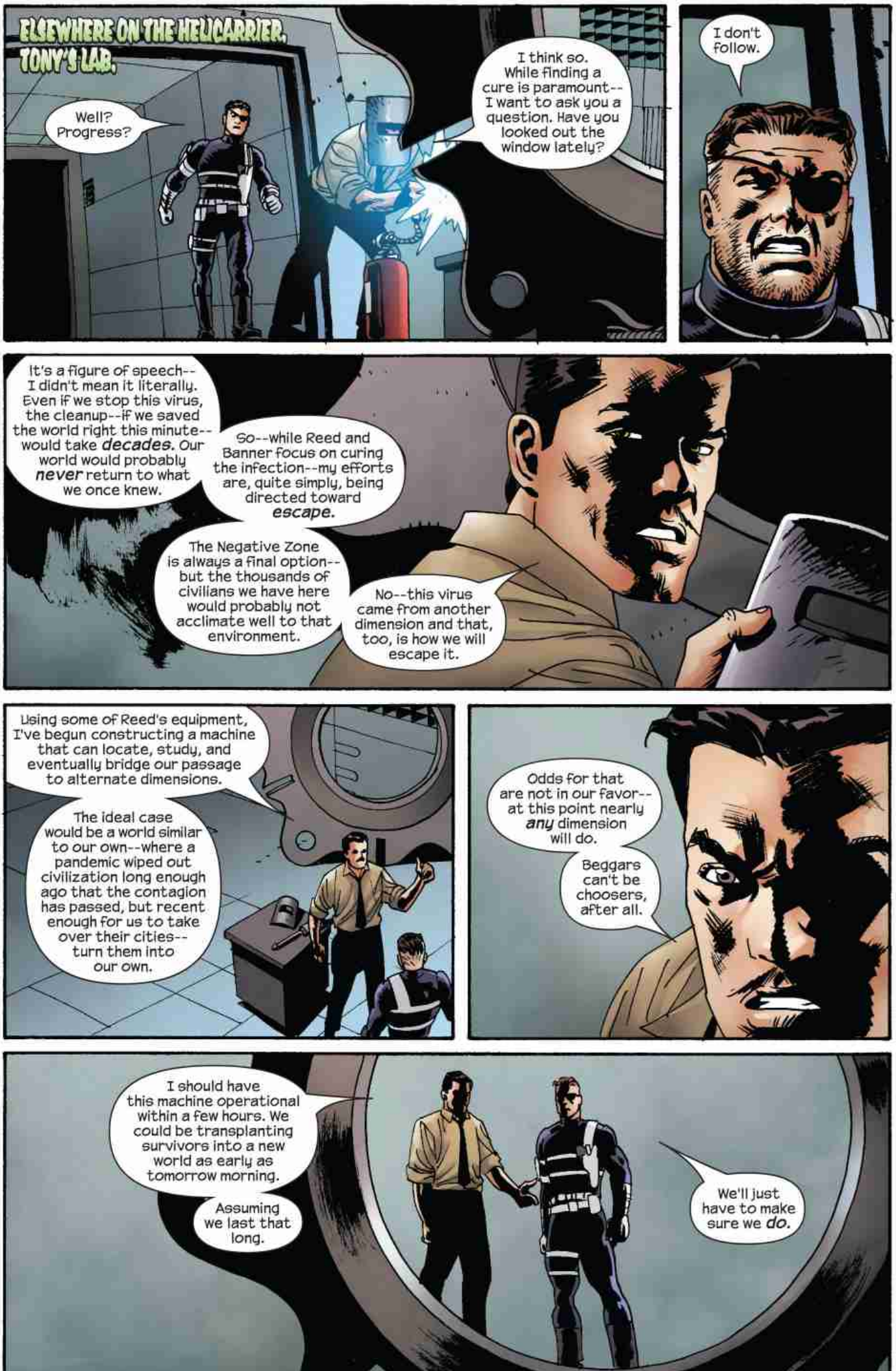
ELSEWHERE ON THE HELICARRIER.
TONY'S LAB.
Well? Progress?
I think so. While finding a cure is paramount--I want to ask you a question. Have you looked out the window lately?
I don't follow.
It's a figure of speech--I didn't mean it literally. Even if we stop this virus, the cleanup--if we saved the world right this minute--would take *decades.* Our world would probably *never* return to what we once knew.
So--while Reed and Banner focus on curing the infection--my efforts are, quite simply, being directed toward *escape.*
The Negative Zone is always a final option--but the thousands of civilians we have here would probably not acclimate well to that environment.
No--this virus came from another dimension and that, too, is how we will escape it.
Using some of Reed's equipment, I've begun constructing a machine that can locate, study, and eventually bridge our passage to alternate dimensions.
The ideal case would be a world similar to our own--where a pandemic wiped out civilization long enough ago that the contagion has passed, but recent enough for us to take over their cities--turn them into our own.
Odds for that are not in our favor--at this point nearly *any* dimension will do.
Beggars can't be choosers, after all.
I should have this machine operational within a few hours. We could be transplanting survivors into a new world as early as tomorrow morning.
Assuming we last that long.
We'll just have to make sure we *do.*
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You don't understand--we *tried* to fight this--we *did*--but we just *can't!* This is what we are now!
There is *nothing* we can *do!*
WE DON'T CARE!
Sean 2007

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BACK ON THE HELLICARRIER, REED'S LAB.
I'm glad you could all come here...I wanted to meet with you first, before I brought my findings to Fury and the rest.
What have you done, Reed?
Concluded my study, Sue. Your tone distresses me, my love.
I have, as we all should, come to accept the fate that will befall each and every one of us. Is it so inconceivable that we were meant to become these savage beasts?
What if this is the next step in our lives? I believe that to be the case. I've come to realize we're not dealing with an infection here.
It's evolution.
Have you gone insane?! What do you propose?! That the solution to all this is to embrace this and allow ourselves to be infected?!
No. That's not it at all.
I've already infected you.
You may have noticed a small prick--a scratch, a few minutes ago, as I called you in here. That's really all it takes--the tiniest of breaks in skin.
In fact, you should be starting to feel the effects in three... two...
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Auugh!!
Stretch, you--huwaggg!!
You've lost your mind! Our children--ack--have you forgotten our children?!
Heavens, no. Of course not. What lies ahead for all of us is no place for children. In fact--if my calculations are correct, the need to procreate will be gone--our species will survive without reproduction. We'll all be essentially immortal.
Our children are in a better place. They were spared an existence in this horrific world.
Horrific or not--nature demands we take this next step. You'll understand in time.
Kill you--eat you!!
Aaggh! The hunger!!
Feed--feed on you!
Yes--turn me as I've turned you. I want to experience it firsthand--I want to know what it feels like to be turned.
I wanted this--this is what needs to happen.
You'll understand--they'll all understand.
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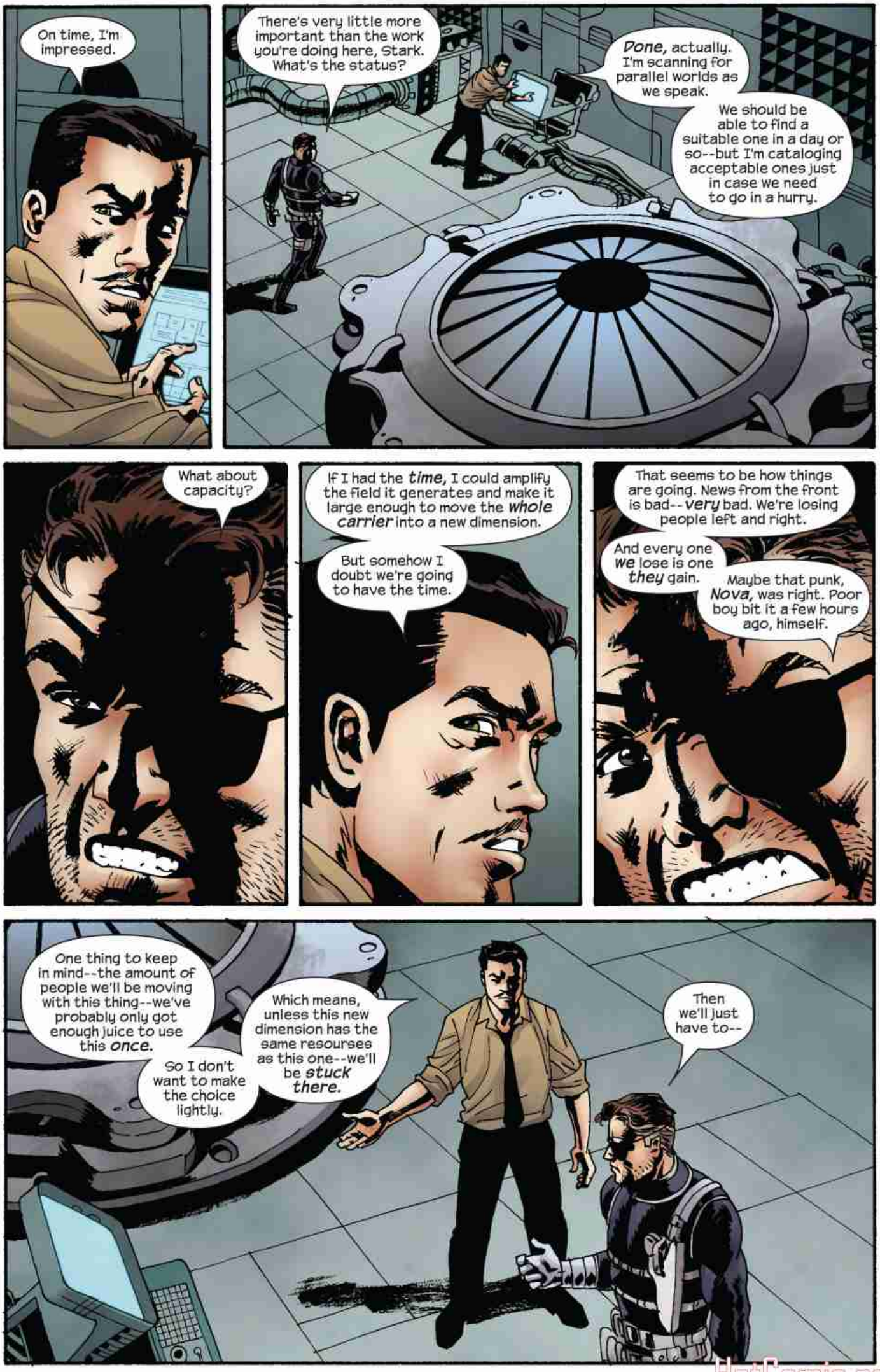
On time, I'm impressed.
There's very little more important than the work you're doing here, Stark. What's the status?
*Done,* actually. I'm scanning for parallel worlds as we speak.
We should be able to find a suitable one in a day or so--but I'm cataloging acceptable ones just in case we need to go in a hurry.
What about capacity?
If I had the *time,* I could amplify the field it generates and make it large enough to move the *whole carrier* into a new dimension.
But somehow I doubt we're going to have the time.
That seems to be how things are going. News from the front is bad--*very* bad. We're losing people left and right.
And every one *we* lose is one *they* gain.
Maybe that punk, *Nova,* was right. Poor boy bit it a few hours ago, himself.
One thing to keep in mind--the amount of people we'll be moving with this thing--we've probably only got enough juice to use this *once.*
So I don't want to make the choice lightly.
Which means, unless this new dimension has the same resourses as this one--we'll be *stuck there.*
Then we'll just have to--

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KLANNGG!
Doorway to another dimension--most likely full of delicious people to *eat*?
*Great* idea!
Reed--what *happened*?!
How did you--?!
I saw the light! You will *too*--with the right *motivation*.
Now--how about you let us take a couple *bites*? It'll only hurt a *little*.
AARGGH!!
Careful, now...
...we don't want to devour him--just infect him. If we eat too much he'll die just like all the *other* normal people.
It's hard--so hard to quit.
The pain--unbearable--it's hard to stop feeding, Reed.
There are plenty of others to eat up here--Tony's inventiveness will be an asset in the coming world.
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Fury.
How far does he expect to get with *that* thing?
*Damn it!*
We're not *ready* for *this!*
BLAM!!
You *know* that's not going to work! Nothing is going to stop us.
You're actually *scared,* aren't you?!
You disappoint me, Fury.
Computer-- initiate Fury fail-safe gamma in sector seventeen, level thirty--
NOW!

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KROOM!!
They'll get through that soon. We haven't got much time.
We can get away with this dimensional doorway--if Stark set the coordinates, we could use it to escape--to another world.
We could--
What is it?
No. This virus--this plague--it was brought here from another world--if we leave, we could take it with us.
Everything we've been through--it all starts over again.
We can't--we can't do that. We can't let that happen.

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Okay--who thought *that* would stop us?!
KROOM!!
Thor--you know what to do.
Whatever happens to us--it doesn't *matter*, now--this has to stop here--with our world.
Verily!
That was a *mistake*, Fury--you're going to *pay* for that!
But only for a little while--then the world goes *black* for you and it's *all over!*
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MINUTES LATER.
What *now?*
What do we do now? We take what's left of this machine back to the Baxter Building. We rebuild it and we get to work on finding another dimension.
We're going to be out of *food* soon, and besides...
...it's our responsibility to *spread the gospel.*
THE BEGINNING.

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